## **USSEX**

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Good Night.

Good night! Now the weary rest by right, And the busy fingers bending Over work that seems unending, Toil no more till morning light-

Go to rest! Close the eyes with slumber prest; In the streets the silence growing, Wakes but to the watch-horn blowing, Night makes only one request-Go to rest!

Slumber sweet! Blessed dreams each dreamer greet ; He whom love has kept from sleeping In sweet dreams now o'er him creeping

Slumber sweet! Good night! Slumber till the morning light. Slumber till the new to-morrow Comes and brings its own new sorrow. We are in the Father's sight-

May he his beloved meet-

Good night! -From The German of Theodore Korner

#### WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

"O what a lovely bunch of pansies Is it possible they are for me?" I exclaimed to a tiny, brown-eyed girl who placed a fragrant bouquet of the gold and purple dewy blooms in my ham-mock in which I was idly swinging under the big maple.

"Aunty Lee sent them," said the wee child, "and she hopes the mountain air will soon make you well, and she's your neighbor, down under the

"Who is this neighborly Aunty Lee?" I asked the woman with whom I boarded when next she came within hearing

"O, then, she's sent ye some posies, replied talkative Mrs. Evans, coming briskly from the garden and sitting down on the steps of the little porch so that she might entertain me while she was shelling her pease, thus "killin' tew birds with one stun," as she said. "I was a wonderin' tew myself not tew minutes ago how long 'twould be afore she'd find out about ye an' send ye suthin'. I can't see, for my part, how

she can afford to do as she does."
"Why, what does she do!" I inquired, "Oh, she says she aims to be neighborly, and if anybody happens to be sick anywheres around she sends 'em little things to eat an' flowers to cheer 'em up, as she says; and she always has her knittin' work in her pocket and her 'odd job o' knittin' as she calls it, grows cout like magic into glaves and mittons and wristleto an' stockin's that she gives away.

"To her friends, peeple fully able to buy them, I suppose."
"Oh, dear, no. To poor children an tew old men an women that, I spose, are real needy, an' that set great store by her warm and handsome presents, for her yarns are as bright as her flowers, an' I've told my man a good many times that the color went half toward

makin' her little gift so welcome, An' then she has so much comp'ny.' "Rich people from the city, whose

visits she returns?" "Oh, land sakes, no; poor folks that are tickled most to death to get an invitation to her pleasant little home. Yis, her home is an amazin' pleasant one. though her man is only a poor me-chanic. She's always a sayin' that she'd rather dew a little good every day as she goes along, than tew be a waitin' to dew some great thing when she gets able, and then, p'raps, lose her opportunity and never do nothin'. I told her one day last year, says I, 'Miss Lee,' says I, 'I should ruther be a puttin' by a little sumthin' in the bank for a rainy day, than to be a givin' away all the time. And, says she, 'Mrs. Evings,' says she. 'That's your way an' it's a good way. I don't find no fault with it, but all these little things that I give away would never git into the bank, an' so, you see, they'd be lost, an' I should pass away without ever dom' anything for my Master, An' I don't want to go to bed a night without thinkin' that I have that day tried tew lighten some fellow mortal's burden, brought a smile to some face, or a streak o' sunshine tew some heart, if it's only a givin' a bunch o' posies in the right speret."

"And these flowers cost her a good deal, first and last, I suppose ?" said I, caressing my pansies. "Oh, 'twould cost me a good deal to run sich a flower garden as she does,

but Miss Lee says she's not strong, so she gits fresh air, sun-baths and exercise in her garden and spends her time workin' in there instead of visitin'. She returns all her calls by sendin' her compl'ments with a bunch o' posies." "She hires some one to carry them

about, I presume?" "Massy, no. There isn't a child in the village but what would run its legs off for Aunty Lee," and having finished shelling her mess of pease, my talkative little hostess trotted about her work again, saying, as she disappeared through the door-way, "It's well enough to be neighborly, of course, but Mis' Lee may see the time when she'd a wished she had a leetle sumthin' cout at interest"

The Vermont mountain air agreed with me, my health gradually improving, and I stayed on and on, week after week, spending a great part of my time, when the weather did not positively forbid, in my hammock under the maples. As yet I had not once seen my neighbor, Aunty Lee, but grew to love her on account of the pretty nosegays that daily found their way from her hand to mine by one and another child messenger.

One night, late in August, there was a heavy thunder shower. The sudden downfall of rain swelled the little river that skirted our village to a veritable mountain torrent. A mill-dam some miles up the stream had broken away and the angry flood came rushing down sweeping all before it.

"Aunty Lee's husband's shop has gone," shouted my hostess, Mrs. Ev-ans, as she knocked at my door in the early morning after the storm; "and that's not the worst on't, for her garden that it'll take a purty pile o' money went to church with them. The next ings from a respectful distance.—Lontew fix it up again, if ever 'tis fixed. day Mr. Lee went over to H—and don Week.

I wonder now of Mis' Lee don't wish made terms with my master, because she hadn't been quite so neighborly, and Mrs. Lee said she could not allow me to so had a little sumthin' cout at interest," and it really seemed to me as if the brisk | took me into his employment and gave

patted down the stairs. In less than half an hour she came back to my room with as doleful a looking visage as I ever saw. "Whatever is agoin' to become o' me and my man," cried she; "an' we a gettin' to be old folk, tew. Our savings were all in the stock comp'ny up to Minotsville, because they paid more interest than the bank; we only tuk it cout o' the bank a little while ago, and neow their old mill has "Dear heart," said Aunty Lee to me, "what was he talking about? He's paid gone clean off, an' they'll all go to gin-eral smash and we along with 'em;" and this time she went slowly groaning down the stairs. I could not help pitying the woman from the bottom of my heart.

There was great excitement in the little village, as a matter of course, but Aunty Lee was reported to be as "chipper" as ever. The nosegay came to me everyday as usual, not quite so many, nor so great a variety as formerly, for a part of the garden had been washed away, but enough to give me an increased admiration for the sweet old lady who was so persistent and unwearying in her neighborly acts of kindness.

The next Monday's local newspaper had this unique notice at the head of

the village items: "All who have ever been the recipients of kindly deeds from 'Aunty Lee' and who would like to reciprocate now in her day of misfortune are invited to bring their supper to Oak Grove on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock, and talk the matter up over a 'neighborly'

At the time appointed I had a carriage come to take my hostess and me, and my basket of cakes and buns fresh from the bakery, to the beautiful grove. As we were driven along I was surprised to see so many people, lunch-baskets in hand, speeding in the same direction.

"Almost everybody in town is going," said Mrs. Evans, "high an' low, rich an' poor.'

As I was being assisted to a seat a gentle, motherly little woman spread a soft shawl over the back of the chair intended for me and quickly folded another shawl for my lame foot to rest

"This is Aunty Lee," said Mrs. Evans, and the sweet-faced little woman and I looked into each other's faces with a little curiosity, perhaps, as well as sympathy, and shook hands cordially. "I don't know what all these good people are to do with Elijah and me," she said with a smile that was as genial as a sunbeam, "but the minister would have us come, and he and his wife drove around for us."

The minister ascended the platform just then, and after tenderly yet imressively invoking the Divine blessing, he looked down benignly upon the faces upturned to his and with a touching intonation of voice asked : "Who is my neighbor?" He then went on to tell how Aunty Lee had answered that question

in regard to himself. "When I first became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Lee," he said, 'I was finishing my theological studies here in the village with Dr. Mills, and they had just married and settled down in their little house yonder, which they had inherited. One day I was sent for to preach on trial in the adjoining town of Luxboro'. My only coat was worn threadbare and extensively patched, and had no way of procuring another. Feeling sorely grieved and dispirited I started out for a walk, and for the sake of telling my troubles to some fellowcreature and with no thought of receiving any aid in the premises, I turned in to Mrs. Lee's house and read to her the invitation I had had from Luxboro' and frankly told her why I could not go at present.

"Leave it to the Lord," said the good woman, and forthwith she proceeded to take my measure with a piece of tape. "Go home," she continued, "write your sermon and come here again Satur.

day morning."
I obeyed. I subsequently found that the woman had actually taken a piece of cloth that she had laid by in the house for a cloak for herself, and tailoress as she was by trade, had cut and made me a coat from it, I preached my first sermon in it, and shortly received and

accepted my first call."
"Oh, dear," whispered Aunty Lee
from her seat by my side, "he's paid me for that coat every New Year's Day since, and it wasn't much for me to do.

Major Sanford, the richest man in town, was the next to take the stand. The old people smiled and nodded their heads, but the young folks looked at each other and wondered what he could

be indebted to Aunty Lee for. "When I was a boy," the major began, "I was bound out in H—— to a very, very bad master, from whom I determined to run away. I availed myself of an opportunity to escape one Saturday afternoon, when I was sent to the pasture to salt the cattle. I came straight over the mountain to this place. I wanted to get out of the State as soon as possible, so came directly to the bridge down here at the river, which is, you all know, the New Hampshire boundary. Just after I had stepped I knew it I had blurted out the whole go home with them and stay over Sunbank of the 'brook,' as we called it then, and into his little machine shop. I soon evinced my fondess for tools, and confid-

feel like a 'runaway.' Then Mr. Lee little woman chuckled to herself as she me a corner in his shop where I could, at odd moments, work at my model.

> us over and over, and he's tried and tried to make Elijah go into partnership with him, but he wouldn't, and I would

Then followed one minute speeches by the score. "They kept me three months when I was sick and homeless," said one, "I made their house my home for weeks when I was out of work," said another. Ten homeless working girls were married in their parlor and went out into the world with their blessing. There was a great number of touching little speeches from those who had received flowers and delicacies in illness and warm garments in times of

And so from them all flowed out contributions of money, the greater part of which was safely placed in bank for the benefit of the Lees when old age and failing strength should overtake them.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Evans to Aunty predicted a long career of cloudless happiness for them. Alas! How terribly them bright anticipations were to be And so from them all flowed out con-

and He pays the best interest, arter all. I never could understand before; but I dew now."

"There are none of us so poor that we annot give such as we have. A smile or a kind word even will come back to us in kind," said Aunty Lee, and we all brushed away the tears that we could not suppress while those touching speeches were being made, and went to our homes,

## How Wood and Morrissey Gambled.

Speaking of the recent failure of Ben-jamin Wood, publisher of the New York moment. Then he said in a tone of deep Evening News, the New York corres- emotion: pondent of the Detroit Free Press gives this reminiscence:

It is well known that he once kept up had a strong penchant for "bucking" that animal in his lair, and since his failure sat old gossip going again, some of his quondam chums have been rehearsing the famous bout he once had with John Morrissey, in the latter's club house in Twenty-fourth street.

Ben was in the habit of dropping Morrissey's place occasionally, and one night about ten years ago he sauntered in as usual, and fell afoul of the bank. Morrissey was there, and many men pluck and hang-on-ativeness, and the party set down for some lively work. Wood had about \$3,000 in his pocket, and as the betting was heavy he managed to get to the bottom in about an In fact, he was cleaned out. our, But his blood was up that night, and as am ng the boys, he decided that once for all it should be "make or break. His ready cash was all gone, but he owned valuable property on Tryon Row, where the Staats Zeitung building now stands, and he proposed to hypothecate the same to Morrissey against whatever sum, up to its value, he should lose. The offer was accepted, and the great fight began. It lasted all night and up to nine o'clock next morning, and, when a truce was finally called, Ben had won With the money that Morrissey had advanced to him on the hypothecated property, he turned round and gave John the worst whaling he ever received at the card table. Not a sign of wincing was shown on either side till physical exhaustion forced a cessation of hostilities. Both men were true grit to the last and neither showed the least illtemper from beginning to end. It was on that occasion that Ben performed the extraordinary feat of smoking ninety dollars worth of cigars in one night. Morrissey had a special brand of cigars at one dollar each for his flush patrons, and Wood, who is a tremendous smoker (or chewer, rather, for he merely chews furiously at a cigar and then flings it away), managed to spoil ninety of them while the fight lasted.

## A Queer English Custom.

The ancient ceremony of tossing the pancake, as it took place this year in the great school-room of Westminster, is thus described by an English paper: After the Latin prayers at twelve o'clock the college cook, preceded by an Ab-bey beadle, marched up the school-room carrying the pancake in a frying-pan. This pancake is made, not of flour and eggs, but of putty, and well greased to make it fly from the pan. The cook's object is to throw this pancake over an | to do better work yourself. iron bar, from which formerly hung a curtain, separating the upper from the under school. On the further side of deal of time in imagining what we will do when we grow older; and when we the bar, which is some twenty-five feet are old we waste an equal amount of perhaps from the floor, stands an ex-pectant crowd of boys, every one of long before we began to do anything. whom is eager to seize the pancake as it upon Vermont soil I overtook, on the falls, and bear it off entire to the Deanroad, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, young people ery, where the reward of a guinea awaits then. They had a basket and a spade, the fortunate possessor. The cook also, and had been digging up wild flowers if he does not fail to throw the pancake to transplant in their garden. Although over the bar, obtains a guinea. This an entire stranger, they accosted me kindly. Noticing that I had been crying, Mrs. Lee asked me my trouble. Before well over the bar into the middle of the crowd awaiting it. Then came the batstory, and had been invited by her to tle, or rather, in Westminster parlance, the "greeze," Up and down, backday. I was, of course, only too grateful to accept the invitation. After supper we set out the plants, and then Mr. Lee took me with him down the hill to the gle. No one, however, was fortunate enough to obtain the pancake in its entirety, but several possessed small pored to him an invention that had, in a crude form, long had possession of my brain. trophies to admiring groups of friends Being a natural mechanic, he saw the und no doubt will be kept as reministratility of my invention at a glance. The cences of the "pancake greeze" of 1878. subject was not mentioned on the mor- It is now six years since any one sucrow, which was a quiet, restful day ot ceeded in getting the whole pancake. Mrs, Lee loaned me a clean linen There were a few visitors present, who, is all washed cout and undermined, so suit belonging to her husband, and I with the masters, watched the proceed-

#### A Virginia Tragedy of the Past.

Among the numerous moss-grown eld tomb-stones in the graveyard of Williamsburg, Va., is one which bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of SARAH SEMPHILL,

Who died at the age of twenty-five, slain, with her two infant daughters, by her own husband. She was fair to look upon, pure as snow and beloved by all who knew her. Divine Providence alone knows why she had to perish so miserably.

This epitaph, some of the words which are hardly legible any longer, is the only record left of one, of the most terrible tragedies that ever took place in

the Old Dominion. It was in 1798 that John Semphill, a tobacco planter. He had plenty of money, and was able to purchase about thousand acres of the finest soil within a short distance of the old town.

Being apparently agentleman in every sense of the word, Mr. Semphill was admitted to the best society in his new home, and a year later he was married to Sarah Jones, a beautiful heiress, the wedding festivities being celebrated with

those bright anticipations were to be disappointed. It was on Christmas eve, in 1801, that a strange-looking man, in a sort of military uniform, appeared at the house of Mr. Semphill, who was in Richmond at the time. Mrs. Semphill

received the stranger in the parlor.
"Do you speak French, madam?" he said to her in very broken English. She replied in the affirmative. "Then, madam, please send your two nurse-girls with the children out of the

room. She did so, and looked interrogatively

"Poor lady, I have terrible tidings for you." "Heavens!" she cried, turning very

intimate relations with the "tiger" and had a strong penchant for "bucking" "Your husband is an infamous vil-

"Sir !" she exclaimed, indignantly. "He has basely deceived you. He is an escaped galley slave, a thief and a murderer !'

She uttered a heart-rending scream.

gasped. "He is a Spanish thief, and was sent to the galleys of Barcelona for life. He made his escape from thence, and fled about town, all of whom knew Wood's to Cuba, where he robbed and murdered a rich planter. I am here to take him to Cuba, where the scaffold surely awaits

The afflicted lady had become strangely

"Sir," she said to the stranger, "before you arrest him, will you permit me his reputation for pluck was at stake to hold a private interview withwith-" "His true name is Juan Cefirio.

you will let me remain in an adjoining room until he returns from Richmond, where he has gone, I understand, you

may see him privately." "I expect him back every moment." Half an hour later, Cefirio, alias Semphill made his appearance. His wife briefly told him everything. He flew into a terrible rage. He shot her through the heart, and rushed out of the room to back the \$3,000 he started with, and secured about \$120,000 ahead besides. the nursery, where he stabbed his two little daughters. The next moment the Cuban officer, who had rushed after him, grappled with him, and succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in shackling him. The news of this horrible tragedy spread like wildfire through the old town, and in less than twenty minutes a large course of people had gathered in front of Semphill alias Cefirio's house. Vociferous threats to lynch the murderer were made, and the deputy sheriffs, who were promptly on hand to arrest him, had the utmost difficulty in taking him to jail, where he was chained to the floor, having threatened to commit sui-

cide. The villain was hung on the 17th of May, 1803.

## Words of Wisdom.

Common sense is nature's gift, but reason is an art.

The man who assumes to know every-

thing generally knows very little about anything. To be comfortable and contented,

spend less than you can earn, an art which few have learned. Knowledge, when the possession of

only a 1ew, has always been turned into iniquitous purposes. It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable

When we are young we waste a great

Honor your engagements, If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain hing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter

in hand, and then as promptly go about

your own business. Do not stop to tell

stories in business hours. If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. Contempt naturally implies a man's esteeming himself greater than the person whom he contemns. He, therefore, hat slights, that contemns an affront, is properly superior to it; and he conquers an injury who conquers his resentment of it. Sperates, being kicked by an ass, did not think it a revenge proper

WANTED .- Mould for growing flowers of speech. A handkerchief for the weerng willow. E estricity for thunders of applause. Teeth for the mouth of a iver. Gloves for the hands of a clock. Spokes for the ladder of fame. A few grains of common sense to sow in the hot-beds of rowdyism and crime.

for Socrates to kick the ass again.

#### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD, Horse Feed.

Every good groom knows that sound oats and beans in due proportion, and at least a year old, are the very best food for a galloping horse—the only food in which it is possible to get the very best be, it is, no condition out of a race horse or a hunter. It also has recently become known that horses do slow work and get fat, indeed too fat, on maize, Indian corn, which is frequently one-third cheaper than the best oats. In the East horses are fed on barley, and it is a popular ing thought to represent merely individ-idea with English officers who have lived ual interests. The personal organ is in Persia and Syria that the change of dead the day it is born. If to-day, food from barley to oats often, when imported, produces blindness in Arabian horses. Now, although no men undernow, it was the censor yesterday, stand better or so well how to get blood. Though it have three hundred and horses into galloping condition as Eng- sixty-five opinions in the year, it is lish grooms, they do not, and few of young man, who said he was from Santa their masters do, know the reason why Cruz, in the West Indies, arrived at oats and beans are the best food for put-Williamsburg and settled there as a ting muscular flesh on a horse. The will, for it must needs be practical agricultural chemist steps in here, makes the matter very plain, and shows that if you want pace, Indian corn, although nominally cheaper, is not cheap at all. When we feed a bullock, a sheep, or a pig for sale, after it has passed the store stage, we want to make it fat as quickly and as cheaply as possible; but with a horse for work the object is to give him muscle-in common language, hard flesh. There are times when it is profitable to make a horse fat, as, for instance, when he is going up for sale. For this purpose an addition of about a pound and a half of oil cake to his ordinary food has a good effect. It is especially useful when a horse that has been closely clipped or singed is in a low condition. It helps on the change to the new coat

by making him fat. A horse in low condition changes his coat very slowly. When from any cause there is difficulty in getting a supply of the best oats, an excellent mixture may be made of crushed maize and beans, and the proportion of two-thirds of maize and one of beans, which exactly afford the proportions of flesh-forming and fat-forming food. Bran is a very valuable food in a stable for reducing the inflamma-tory effect of oats and beans. Made into mashes, it has a cooling and laxative effect; but used in excess, especially in a dry state, it is apt to form stony secretions in the bowels of the horse. Stones, produced from the excessive use of bran, have been taken out of horses after death weighing many pounds.-London Live Stock Journal,

Garden Notes. Grated horse chestnuts mixed with ten times their bulk of water, will expel

worms from the soil in flower pots. Many farmers think it doesn't pay to bother with much gardening; but a good, large garden, well planted and well worked, will give a liberal profit from the sale of surplus vegetables, after supplying the home table the season through with all the vegetables

desired. A good supply of manure for a garden may be made from the refuse of any household. A shallow pit may be made and some chaff, short straw, the contents of a worn mattress, grass, sode, weeds, woolen rags, burned bones, waste from the kitchen, wood ashes, chimney sweepings, scrapings of roads, earth, chip-dust, saw-dust, manure from the poultry-house, old boots and shoes chopped into shreds, and all such matters may be thrown into this pit, and the waste slops of the house, soap-suds, etc., may be thrown upon them. In the course of a year a large pile can be gathered, and if a cow and a few chickens are kept the waste from these may add largely to the heap. The heap should be built up squarely and hollow at the top. A bag of bone-dust added to the pile would greatly increase its value, and a stock of manure that would cost at least ten dollars to purchase could thus be made. A pile six feet square and three feet high would richly fertilize a good sized garden, and help to produce sufficient vegetables to supply a large

Household Hints. MUTTON AND BEEF .- Four pounds of beef lose one pound by boiling, and a pound and five ounces by roasting, and one pound three ounces by baking. Four pounds of mutton lose fourteen ounces by boiling, and one pound six ounces by roasting, and one pound four ounces by baking.

OIL OUT OF WOOLEN, -You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind. To Make Toast-Water. - Toast some

slices of bread quite brown, put them in a pitcher, and pour on them boiling water, and let it steep.

BED CLOTHES.—On getting up in the morning the bed clothes should be thrown over a chair by the open window, to air for two or three hours before the bed is made up; otherwise the sheets and coverlids and bels, being charged covered from the shock, and only heard with the moisture of perspiration, become unwholesome.

HEAT. - More than nine-tenths of the heat of a common grate or fireplace, being lighter than the atmosphere and subject to a direct draft, passes up the chimney and is wasted.

Why Do Eggs Spoil? We find lining the shell a thick skin,

which when kept in a healthy condition by the albumen of the egg is impervi ous to air, but if the egg remains in one position too long the yolk being heavier than the albumen gradually sinks through it and comes in contact qualities requisite for keeping the skin lubricated and healthy, the skin be made, and so on until the barrel is full. presence of mind and courage.

The Press.

The following is taken from an address on the Press, delivered before the Psi Upsilon Society, in Boston, by George Corming Hill, a journalist of

Obedient as the Press may seem to be, it is, nevertheless, sleeplessly jeal-ous of its standing and influence, lest they should be underrated or misap-plied. It is an unerring measurer of public men, and alone knows the littleness of great ones. An integer in the fabrics of society, it has a scorn of benevertheless consistent always. Not as yet has it found its ranks among learned professors, and it is doubtful if it ever rather than learned. In this country it is not recognized as the stepping-stone to public preferments, and it perhaps gains by the dissociation. In England it is the accepted touchstone of intellectual capacity, recruiting Parliament, the Bar, and the schools of authorship. In France it is the acknowledged finishing-school of publicists and statesmen, and the entree into the best society. With us, politicians would fain make a whetstone of it to sharpen and polish their blades; advertisers find it almost the whole of their intangible capital; lawyers and doctors resort to it as birds do to the hedges for shelter; the grand army of grievance-bearers marches up and flings down its knapsacks full of complaints at its feet; the accused run to it with their ready explanations; the defamed with their denials and defences; the philosophers with their remedies, the poets with their fol-de-rol, and the other sex with their sleepless causes. The world at large seeks the cover of its sheltering fold. Everybody is eager to goods, and other articles. proclaim his existence and something more through its effectual agency, they alone excepted who are in the real secret and sit silent at the source of its power. It is Argus, Briareus, Hercules and Hermes rolled into one. Day and of her life. night it keeps its messengers running, flying, swimming, delving, looking and listening, and with their faithful assistance it manages to turn the world in-

side out. For it Schliemann uncovers Homeric Troy to verify the immortal story; Stanley cuts the dark core out of the long forbidden fruit of Africa; government despatch astronomers to the Venus and correct the distance of the voters in the United States, or one in sun; Sitting Bull harangues his harlequin braves and swings round the circle of Indian villages; the tireless interviewer pulls the bell at all front doors; and the local gos-ip glues his capacious ear to for the production and dissemination of intelligence, the valuable and valueless. It supplants the orator, compresses verbose debate into pregnant statement, makes only straightforward business of legislation, and turns eloquence into the raw staple of facts and figures. It edits the telegraph, the mails, the cancus and convention, the Legislature-science, art and invention-commerce, and agriculture. It is the free publisher for them all-makes their aunouncements-adjusts their differences-and assures their influence. It boils down books; extracts the soul from treatises; culls bouquets from the garden of the poets; gives flexibility and present use to learning; sets professors of Greek to writing on international law; and, in general, sifts, assorts and distributes literature. Its remorseless appetite for news-presenting horror and humors in parallel columns-will, however, create a surfeit some time, and after that is ver will yield to the finer suggestions of its palate for thought. Just now it is not greatly given to the nicer moral shadings, but flings the pigment on the canvass with a rapid brush and exhibits all things in the same fierce glare of light. But its loudness will gradually be disciplined down to a low-keyed suggestiveness, with steadier aim and more practised engineering; and it will yet become the true living outline of the national literature.

## A Narrow Escape at Minneapolis,

A Minneapolis (Minn.) paper gives

the thrilling experience of a survivor of

the recent terrific explosion in the

Washburn flour mills, which was attended with such heavy loss of life and property. The survivor referred to is Joseph Monti, Jr., the watchman of the Galaxy Mill, who was discovered by the reporter in all the plenitude of full health. He said he was in the basement of the mill, one story below the canal, engaged in putting in an alarm bell upon the shafting. The concussion lifted him fully six feet, when he fell and was stunned for five minutes. He was in a dazed condition when he reone explosion. If there were other explosions they must have occurred while he was stunned. When he realized his position, he found the water pouring in, and naturally thought the thud of the explosion was merely the result of the breaking in of the canal. He rushed to a window up-stairs and looked for a place to jump. When there he saw John G. Rosienius, of the Zenith Mill, looking out of the window. Monti called out to him, "Are you going to jump?" but Rosienius either didn't understand or did not hear, and that was the last of him seen alive, Monti took in the situation, raw the elevator in one with the skin. As it has none of the tremendous sheet of flame, and was momentarily paralyzed. Looking below the window, Monti observed an ash comes dry and pervious to the air, which heap, fifteen feet or so below him, He penetrates it to the yolk, causing the straddled the sill, swung himself over, mass to rot. Therefore the true plan is bung by his hands a second or two on is to keep the yolk in its central posi - the sill as the roar of the flumes boomed tion. By doing this the egg can be pre-served for a long time. My plan for and rolled thence into the seething accomplishing this is to take a keg or waters. Once in the water he swam out armly in their places, and head up the of it, he rose before some of the embarrel ready for market. By rolling the ployes putting out a blaze. As a voice barrel about a quarter around every few from the dead, he asked, "Which way days, the yolks of the eggs will be kept can I get out?" He was then directed globe are estimated, approximately, at as required.—American Stock Journal. to a place of safety.

#### Items of Interest.

Coming to blows-The fruit trees, Indians are not at all contagious. They are very difficult to catch.

When do one's teeth usurp the func-tions of his tongue? When they are a

chattering. "Experience is a dear teacher"-old maxim. Not half so dear as a pretty

school marm.

When is a mad bull as objectionable as an absent husband? When it is getting on towards one. The Minneapolis fire has raised the

question, "Will dust explode?" We have known it to blow up. Ten per cent, of the husband's income

is what it is legally decided in England he shall pay for his wife's dresses. "Brilliant and impulsive people," ays an exchange, "have black eyes."

Impulsive people are only too apt to get The amount of British capital invested in various ways in the United States and American securities of all descrip-

tions is roughly estimated at \$700,000,-A wit, on being asked what are the most common monosyllables in the language answered: "I don't know; but

the most common money symbols are I. O. U. "What are Russia's terms?" asked a visitor, referring to the San Stefano

"Two dollars a year, in advance," replied the abstracted editor. -Hawkeye. While a little girl was playing in a graveyard at New Lexington, Ohio, the

other day, she suddenly ran against a gravestone, which fell over upon her, inflicting fatal injuries. The United States sold to France in 1876, \$52,900,000 worth of raw cotton

and other stuffs, and bought in return \$45,920,000 worth of silks, velvets, dress A man at Evansville, Ind., in a fit of ealousy, cut his wife's eyes with a butcher knife for the purpose of "spoiling her beauty." The unfortunate woman will be totally blind for the rest

When you put your pen-holder behind your ear be sure that you have the pen to the front. Ideas of great profundity are sometimes banished hopelessly from the mind by failing to ob-

serve this rule. In 1877 there were 2,999,677 electors in Great Britain and Ireland, or more than one in twelve of the population, far-off capes to report the transit of There are about nine million qualified every five of the population.

It's all very well to talk about economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts every private keyhole. All this purely his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these hard times manages to make both ends meet,

Scene in a car: Seats all occupied. Lady enters. Elderly gentleman rises. "Don't rise, I beg of you. I much prefer you should keep your seat, sir.' "Should be very happy to accommodate you, madam; but I want to get out

A. B. Robeson has probably the largest poultry yards in New York. He keeps 6,000 ducks, 4,000 turkeys and 1.200 hens. They consume sixty bushels of corn, two barrels of potatoes and other food daily. His fowl house cost

\$7,000. He was fully six feet tall, yet he traightened up and exclaimed: "Talkstraightened up and exclaimed: ing of short men, look at me!" and no one could tell what he meant until he turned both pockets wrong side out and gasped, "Who is there in the crowd that'll lend me a quarter?"

The Emperor of Austria, on his visit to Venice in 1875, conferred a decoration upon a colonel of the Italian army in command of the fortress of Mantua. The latter, in accordance with the rules of the service, was compelled to accept it; but a few weeks ago, having resigned his commission, he at once returned the decoration to the Austrian Government, saying that he did not wish to hold any honors from Emperor Francis Joseph. who in 1852 had caused his brother to he shot and had condemned himself to the same death.

## How a Man Reduced His Size.

Banting, "Undertaker to the queen and royal family," recently died at the age of eighty-five. He invented a system of diet which became as famous in our age as that of the Cornaro was three centuries ago. In a curious pamphlet which he wrote, and which had a cosmopolitan circulation some ten years ago, Mr. Banting related his sufferings from his enormous obeisity in terms as moving as those of "Falstaff." For years he had not tied his shoes, and he was obliged to walk down stairs backwards, lest the protuberant weight of his trunk should pitch him down head foremost. He adopted a regimen by which he gradually shrunk himself within such bounds that he became quite a nimble pedestrian. The fact that he lived through this process to die at the age of eighty-five, may be taken to show that abstinence from farinaceous and saccharine food worked as well in his case as living on an egg a day did in the case of Cornero. But others who have adopted his system have fared worse. Still his work has borne good fruit, if only in making people think about what they eat and drink in its relations to their vitality as well as to their appetites; and the man cannot be said to have lived in vain who enriched his native language with a new verb, "to bant."

## Unknown Regions of the Globe.

According to an English writer there are four vast areas which have never been traversed by civilized man, and barrel and pack the eggs on the side end | despairingly and exhausted, until he | which among them constitute about oneto end, laying a tier around next to the struck a protruding rock, upon which seventeenth of the whole area of the staves so continuing until a layer is he climbed and rested to recover his globe. Of these the greatest is His | the Antarctic region, the extent of which Use oats for packing. Jar them down senses being gathered, he waded to the is about seventy-five times that of Great as much as is required to deep them paper mill. Reaching the under portion Britain; the second lies about the North Pole; the third is in Central Africa, and the fourth in Western Australia. areas of these unknown regions of the